

A New

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Dorsetshire Garland.



L O N D O N :

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A New

*Dorsetshire* GARLAND.

1.  
**B**Ehold near the Borders of *Dorsetshire*  
Where Labours is Cheap and Money is Dear,  
There lived a poor Labourer a Thresher of Corn,  
Who in seven Seasons had eight Children born.

2.  
We needs must confess that hard was his Fair,  
Who had such a Charge to maintain by his Care;  
Yet never was none to grieve at the same,  
But still to his Labour he chearfully came.

3.  
For *Billy* his eldest such Learning he gave  
As few in that Country much better could have,  
He being the eldest the Joy of his Heart,  
A pleasant Divorcement in every part.

4.  
At length amongst many who pleaded their Delight  
who plac'd sweet *William* on a rich noble Knight;  
Who made him in order his Servant to make,  
Of him for the sake of true Honour and Faith.

5.  
He had not been long in his Service before  
His Master's fair Daughter he began to adore,  
Sweet *William* who was constant in her View,  
Ye and nevertheless it was more then he knew.



6.  
The Folly of Pride it did never rect,  
But shou'd himself humble in every respect,  
Both to the old Knight and his Daughter likewise,  
Behold it was Cupid that gained his praise.

7.  
Whilst in the silent Night she was taken her rest,  
The innocent Heart that was lodg'd in her Breast;  
By Love the small Powers was wounded so deep,  
That waking strait was oppressed to weep.

8.  
She reasoned a while by her self as she lay,  
And said to me wealthy young Charmer and Gay,  
Esteemed by Persons of Honour and Fame,  
And must I love William by Name.

9.  
A Man of mean Parents who came from the Plow,  
I'd willingly slight him but I cannot tell how,  
The more that I strive to forget him I find,  
The deeper he is pladed in my Heart and my Mind.

10.  
I find it is a Folly to strive against Fate,  
Since Obstinance of Powers of Love so great,  
That all must surrender and freely comply,  
Where Cupid does conquer Love and so must I.

11.  
Now her is a strange and wonderful thing,  
The Which in the World in truth I will bring,  
Her Lover and Servant Sweet William it seems,  
That very same Night had the sweetest of Dreams.

12.  
He dreamed that his Lady lay close in his Arms,  
While he had the Honour to kiss her Charms,  
And with all the freedom that Lovers possess,  
He blushed at his Folly and laught in his Breast.

He



13.  
He turned on his Belly and slumbered again,  
Till part of the Night he did entertain;  
And in his sweet Slumber he heard his love's Voice,  
Rise love and court her she hath maid her your choice.

14.  
He was so surpris'd at the Dream as he lay,  
As *William* ris'd the very next Day;  
To make Observation if that he may get,  
In Hopes to partake of the great Happiness.

15.  
With that he presumed to give her a Kiss,  
She answered pray what is the meaning of this,  
I needs must confess you are something to bold,  
But soon she was pleas'd of Stories told.

16.  
I needs must confess fair Lady he cried,  
That I am not worthy to make you my Bride,  
But Love your fair Beauty hath wounded me so,  
That I cannot live if you answer me no.

17.  
The beautiful Lady did answer him strait,  
Come *William* what make you to talk at that rate,  
What think you my honoured Father will say,  
If you should delude his fair Daughter away.

18.  
The Joy of his Heart, his Joy and Delight,  
You know he is a Man of great Honour and Might;  
And think you that he will his Daughter bestow,  
On a poor Servant Man you will find it not so.

19.  
I needs must confess you are noble by Birth,  
And I am a Servant the meanest on Earth;  
Yet never the less by the Powers above,  
I will venture my Life for the Smiles of my Love.

I have



20.

I have not the Power to go from my dear,  
And so let your Father prove ever severe,  
What ever befalls I will patiently take,  
And count it an honour to die for your sake.

21.

The Words was so smitten that Tears from her Eyes  
Did flow in abundance and thus she replied,  
I ready grant thee thy free Request,  
And you with the Love of a Lady are blest.

22.

Thence courtship and embraces and kisses are free,  
And then the next Morning they both did agree,  
That they will make no longer delay,  
That they will be married the very next Day.

23.

Now how for the Wedding they both did provide,  
She begg'd of her Father that he will be so kind,  
To let her ride forth a Relation to see,  
And likewise sweet *William* her Guardian might be.

24.

Her Father immediately gave his consent,  
So then the next Morning together they went,  
To a little Village and married they were,  
In private, no Friend nor Relation was there.

25.

As in a Friend's House together did lie,  
Where Love did afford them a happy supply ;  
And then the next Morning by break of the Day  
To her named Relation they hasted away.

26.

Now when to Friends and Relations they came,  
This beautiful Lady of Honour and Fame was  
Highly esteemed and *William* also ;  
Yet they of the Wedding full little did know,

Now



27.

Now when with their Friends they tarried a while,  
This beautiful Lady she said with a Smile,  
Come *William* now let us Turn with all Speed,  
My Father he will think that he has lost us indeed.

28.

They mounted with speed and away they did ride,  
Sweet *William* and likewise his beautiful Bride,  
Who honoured Charms he did freely adore,  
Yet all was kept private for six Months or more.

29.

And proving with Child her Father espied,  
Alas of the Marriage no longer could hide,  
But told him the Truth in every part,  
On which he was vext and griev'd to the Heart.

30.

Said he I am offended at what you have done,  
You know that I had neither a Daughter nor Son,  
Not in this whole World I do solemnly swear,  
Then why would you bring me to Sorrow and Care.

31.

It is but a Folly dear Father to chide,  
If that the Choice of three Kingdoms beside,  
There is none I should fancy like *Billy* my dear,  
Therefore I would have you to be of good cheer.

32.

To marry for Honour its a Folly indeed,  
To marry for Riches much Sorrow may breed,  
That is my Opinion and ever shall hold,  
That true Love in abundance is better then Gold.

33.

Her honoured Father was soon reconciled,  
And called for sweet *William*, and said my dear Child,  
Go fetch forth your Parents from *Dorsetshire*,  
And let them partake of your Happiness here.

Since



34.  
Since Providence hath made you my Son I declare;  
willingly bring them from Sorrow and Care,  
And bring them to live in a plentiful State,  
For why should they labour while you are so great.

35.  
And *William* before him bow'd down to the Ground  
Because he such Favour and Kindness had found;  
Said the honoured Father the deed is well done,  
I hope he will make you a dutiful Son.

36.  
The Coach is made ready for him and his Bride,  
Away to the Place of his Birth they did ride;  
The first that he saw was his Father at Plow,  
Come leave off your Labour and go with me now.

37.  
O were most I go you fine Fellow quoth he,  
Thy Face before I never did see,  
Says he but you have for I am your son  
Come leave of your Labour your Work is all done.

38.  
And here is my dear Spouse your Daughter in Law,  
And turning about his dear Mother he says,  
As she was a coming straight over the Land,  
He run and he took her hold of the Hand.

39.  
While they were a talking two Brothers come by,  
And unto his Parents he made this reply,  
Leave all that you have to me Brothers said he,  
And come in the Coach you shall go with me.

40.  
He rode to the next Town and clothed them both,  
And said honoured Parents take notice henceforth,  
You shall be released from Sorrow and Care,  
Because it was my Fortune to win the Lady fair.

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